

O Hone! O Hone!

**Magpye-Lecture,**

By way of

**LAMENTATION,**

FOR THE

**Miscarriage of the Plot,**

And the Loss of the late Intended

**French Invasion,**

As it was Delivered

**By a Non-Swearing Parson**

**IN THE**

**Fam'd Congregation in Magpye-Alley, near Fetter-  
Lane, London, the 15th. of this Instant May, 1692.**

By D. H--- late D. of G.

*Woe unto us, for the WIND was against us.*

London, Printed for J. F. and are to be Sold, at the  
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Case

In the Epistle of St. Lodowick to the Gallicans, the  
14th. and the 14th.

*Woe unto us, for the Wind was against us.*

**M**Y Beloved, being here met together, like  
Jews at a Passover, with our Loyns girt,  
for a short bit and away, for fear of those  
Philistines and Moabites, the Beadles and Constables,  
being met, I say, in this *Most Christian* (to borrow  
the Title of our Great Lord and Master) Assembly,  
I have made choice of a Text properly suitable to  
our present occasion: *Woe unto us, for the Wind stood  
against us.*

Before I launch into so large a Field as lies before  
me, in the subject of my following Discourse, I think  
fit first to prepare you for a due Attention and Re-  
ception of the great Truths delivered in my Text,  
by giving you a short, but glorious Character of the  
great St. Lodowick, the Divine Oracle that speaks it.

Our St. Lodowick, that great *Beauverges* of Mankind,  
the miraculous first born of his Mother, after twenty  
two years Conception, and sent into the World for  
the Conversion of Nations, by the Infallibility of  
Tombs and Cannons. That great Colledge of *Maho-*  
*met*, the only Apostle *Militant* both of the *Crescent*  
and *Cross*, speaks to his booted Disciples, the *Galli-*  
*cans*, in the words of my Text: *Woe unto us, for the  
Wind stood against us.* And why all this denuntiati-  
on of Woe? Yea verily, my Beloved, never a more

sad



sad occasion for wailing and lamentation. A Design so great and glorious as a *Descent from France, an Invasion of England*, so politickly laid, and so hopefully carried on, and yet to be so dismally blasted, blown up, as I may say, by a Wind ! To be ready and prepared so early in the Spring with 30000 *Swiss, Irish, Scotch, and French* roaring Boys, to make a whip over, before the Heretick *Williamites* were awake, to oppose 'em, invited over too by Us the Loyal and Dutiful *Jacobite* Vassals, and Slaves to his most Anti-christian *Sultranship*, all sworn upon the *Alcoran*, so fat a squob as little dear *England*, so delicious a bit, just ready for his Pounce and Talons, and all lost by a Wind ; For woe unto us, the Wind was against us.

And now my, Beloved, have we the faithful *Non-Jurants*, his true and trusty Muslemen, so long Preacht in Cellars and Garrets, the indispensable Duty of Fidelity and Allegiance to our great *Gallican* Lord and Sovereign ; even to a *Curse ye Meroz* in his Cause. Oh the blessed Day, when the *Gallican* Miss, and *Gallican* Patriots at the Helm, the Advancement and Exaltation of the *Gallican* Greatness and Glory was the whole work and study of so many hopeful years, when the humble *English* Effeminacy was so industriously planting and watering his dear *Flour-de-Luces* : Even our very *Lyons* of *Judah* all turned to his dutiful assisting *Issachars*. Did we not see all this, and by the Duty of our *Passive Obedience*, use all our Pastoral Eloquence and Authority to Preach and Inculcate so divine a Cause. But not to call that happy Remembrance back again, so sweet to our Ears and so dear to our Souls, alas ! the present business of the

day is a more lamentable Subject; for, *Woe unto us, the Wind was against us.*

But how, my Beloved, was the Wind against us? Oh, verily most perniciously, directly opposite to all our Hopes and Designs, that is to say, it stood in a *Protestant Corner*, yea, in a *Protestant Corner*; a Woe indeed, too bitter a draught of Gall even to be swallowed, or digested.

Oh the comfortable sweets and the heavenly *Manna* we had tasted, that Sovereign Cordial to our drooping Souls, had we once feasted our Senses with so riotous a pleasure, as to have seen the consecrated Daggers of our dear *Irish* Brethren in the throats of our Heretick Enemies, to have battend in Massacre, and fatten'd with blood: But, alas, that Divine delight is utterly dash'd and defeated: For *woe unto us, the Wind was against us.*

Now my Beloved we have a great many very sad Reasons to lament that the Wind should be in the *Protestant Corner*. For first, what is Wind but Air? and the *Prince of the Air* being of our Party, 'tis very hard that the Wind should be against us.

Secondly, The Wind has yet stronger Obligations to be of our Party. For, Beloved, it is written, that the Wind *bloweth where it listeth*; that is to say, Ruleth and Governeth *ala mode de France*, at its own *Arbitrary Will and Pleasure*. And under that denomination of *Absolute and Arbitrary*, the divine Attributes of our Great Patron *Lodowick*, one would think the Wind should be a *Jacobite*. But this wicked Rebelious and unnatural Wind is a *Protestant one*, lay full in the Teeth of our *Invincible Monarch*, and overthrew all our Hopes and Foundations.

Now



Now, Beloved, as the Wind ruleth and governeth, as I said before, what, or what manner of Rule and Government is it, that that Rebel the Wind holdeth or usurpeth: A very large one, my Beloved, a wide and ample Dominion, my Brethren, for it bloweth from the four Corners of the Earth; from the four did I say? Yea, and from the twice fourteen *By-Corners* also. And this malicious and spiteful Protestant Air, lay in the *North* and *By East*, one of the *BT-Corners*, my Beloved: And having named that short word or Particle [*BT*] which Heaven knows is but a little one, yet, Beloved, 'tis a very Emphatick one: For instance in several weighty particulars relating to our whole Designs.

As first, our great *Jacobite* Plot, which we were just hatching in the World, proves an Abortive, or to use the *Pagan* Language of our Enemies, a *Sooterkin*, nay, and what's worse, a *BT-Blow*. The great Champions and Heroes of our Cause having given us the *Go-BT*, are thrown into the *Tower*, *New-gate*, *Gate-house*, and other *BT-places*; and to summ all, too many of 'em, to our great Sorrow and Lamentation, are like to be hang'd too by the *BT*. And their very names and memories, my Beloved, no more than a *BT-word* amongst our reviling and sneering Enemies. And therefore, as I said before, this Particle [*BT*] is a very Emphatick one. Nay to continue the Emphatickness of this woful [*BT*], By *St. Patrick* and *St. Loyala*, our two great *Jacobite* Saints, never was Design better laid and projected. A great Navy, and several hundreds of Transport Ships, all ready by the beginning of *April* to slip *BT*, before the *English Fleet* could get out, and land an Army of dear *Teagues* and

and *Rapparees*, our Trusty and Beloved Sworn Brothers. But this Great and Invincible *Armado*, instead of getting *BT*, to be forc'd to lye *BT*, to have a long five Weeks Wind lye in this damn'd North-East, *BT*-Corner, and not only so, but a malicious Protestant Storm too to fall foul upon our *Thoulon* Fleet, and give our Expedition so great a *Put-BT*, till the whole *Williamite* Fleet is not only Equipped and Manned, but also *Sail'd BT*, and what is yet worst of all, resolved to *Stand BT* their great Heretick Lord and Master. And all this through that calamitous Disappointment of *Woe unto us, the Wind was against us.*

After this deplorable *Catastrophie*, let us hang up our Harps, our *Irish* Harps, upon the Willows, and sigh and sob in the bitterness of Spirit, and anguish of Heart, and mix our Cup of Affliction, even with the Lees of Vinegar, let it be the true White-wine Vinegar, my Beloved, the Growth and Product of our own still dear, tho' bitter Grapes; and no sophisticate Adulteration of *Barly* or *Crab*, that Heretick Verjuice, our Loathing and Abomination. For let us not start from our Cause, or our Principles, though *Woe be unto us, the Wind is against us.*

Now Beloved, to give you some farther Light into my Text, it will not be unseasonable to make some more large inquiry into the nature of Wind. And here occurs a very natural Observation, relating to the Extent or Power of Wind. Wind therefore is two-fold, not only that blustering Termagant Roarer and Rover, the wicked Enemy of our Cause, that *Anti-Jacobite* Element, that blows from the *North* and the *East*, or from any other Corner of the greater World; there is a Wind likewise proper and peculiar only to the



the lesser World, blowing and breathing from the  
 corners and Crannies of that *Microcosme* of Man.  
 And this last Wind is of two kinds, both Learnedly  
 display'd and decipher'd by a very Eminent Author.

*Thus Wind ith' Hypochondriack pent,  
 Turns but a blast, if downwards sent;  
 But if it upwards chance to fly,  
 It proves new Light and Prophecy.*

You see, Beloved, here are two Winds, purely  
 signing and governing in our humane *Microcosme*. The  
 one, as I may say, a kind of a *Subterranean Wind* ram-  
 bling and rumbling in the Internes and Cavernes of  
 our Humane Terrestrial, and issuing forth, as the Poet  
 observes, down-wards in that formidable, tho' short-  
 lived obstreperous Fulmination, if I may so say, Lear-  
 nedly called a *Blast*. The second Wind, here dignified  
 by the Title of *New Light and Prophecy*; of which  
 I'll speak in their Order.

To begin therefore with the first, the first in Order,  
 though not the first in Quality, a *Blast*: A *Blast* did I  
 say, something an unfavory Conception, my Beloved;  
 but truly, Brethren, very proper to our Cause: For  
 even under that mean Class of Winds, that feeble  
 homely puff, call'd a *Blast*, may many Heroick Ex-  
 ploits be, not unjustly, rank'd and number'd, as being  
 the Determinating point of too many Illustrious De-  
 signes and Atchievements.

For instance, what did our *Maudlin-Colledge Re-  
 formation*, our *Spiritual High-Commission*, our *Castle-  
 main Nuntio-ship*, and *Tyrconnet Vice-Royalty*, and all  
 the rest of our *Popish Mines and Batteries*, all the  
 Grand

Grand Projections of our late Eminent State-  
 kers, and Court-Locusts, end in, but a Blast?  
 what came all our Formidable *Silisbury Expedition*,  
 a Blast: Our Running Fight on the blind side of the  
*Boyne*, and indeed, all the rest of our Irish Chivalry,  
 but Blast, Blast, all Blast. And truly my Beloved, wi-  
 shing heart and weeping eyes be it spoken, we have  
 but too much Reason to fear and dread, that our  
 whole Descent and Invasion will terminate in ju-  
 st such another unfavoury Whiff, a Blast; what I  
 call it, a Puff, a Vapour, a little diminutive Backlid  
 Crack, that's All, my Beloved. For, *Woe unto us, the*  
*Wind was against us.*

Now to come to our second Wind, our New *Lig-  
 and Prophecy*, under this Class are to be reckon'd all  
 our Divine *Gadbury's* Predictions, and the rest of our  
 Great Prophecies, the Crunch and Prop of all our  
 sinking Hopes, such as our

*In ternis Annis Rex Religioque redibunt.*  
 And now I come to speak of Prophecies: Even  
 those Superiour Ebullitions of Wind may not im-  
 properly be rank'd under the notion or name of Blast.  
 For as the forementioned Blast is only a violent Erup-  
 tion of some Corporeal Collection of Vapours, fa-  
 vour'd and hógged in its Evaporation, according to  
 the Oúour of the Internal Minerals through which it  
 passes; The like may be said of all our Great *Jacobite*  
 Propheticks and Prognosticks, as being only a Spirit-  
 ual sort of Whiff, the Erruption likewise of some  
 Mercurial's Volatiles, through the Misfortune and  
 Calamity of all our Deserted Expectations, Mundun-  
 gofyed into a Blast: For, *Woe be unto us, the Wind*  
*is against us.*

*Licens'd, according to Order.*

F I N I S.